TOC H JOURNAL

VOL. XXV.

AUGUST, 1947

140, 8

A UNIQUE BRANCH

At its monthly meeting in March this year the Central Executive took a step without precedent and unlikely to be repeated—it promoted to Branch status a group (or rather a whole series of groups combined) after it had ceased to exist and its membership was disbanded across the world. This is the stary of the posthumous Malaysian P.o.W. Branch.

THERE is no more gallant story in the annals of Toc H than that of the prisoner of war membership in the hands of the Japanese from February, 1942, until VJ Day in September, 1945. Not until their ordeal and their achievement was over did any word of the story trickle through to us at home. In the December Journal, 1945, the outline of the whole long-drawn episode was given by Frank Miles. District Pilot of the Singapore prison membership. In April of the following year, when the members who had reached England still bore the marks of their privations a most moving and joyous reunion was held at the old Centre in Greek Street, London, with some seventy guests present. Some of the records of the groups survived and came home and a very interesting addition to these was made last month when some of the papers of Padre Gerry Chambers were handed over by Mrs. Chambers to our Headquarters.

In Spite of All

The difficulties under which men came together and continued to meet in the prison camps of the Far East would have daunted most groups at home and probably have prevented them from reaching Branch status. But we must surely feel that it was because of these difficulties and not only in spite of them that the members persevered. Too H, they believed—and proved—was one of the very few things left to them that could face and detect the bitterness and boredom, the discouragements and shorteges

of their imprisonment. It was no longer a casual activity, one among a host, as it is to many a member at home: it was something most precious, almost indispensable to their mind and spirit. In the last hazard of all Toc H, we have a right to believe, did not fail some of them; its code and the consciousness of its fellowship stayed with them to the last. When 16,000 men left the camps to work up country on the Thailand Railway, the notorious 'Road of Death', from which only a sick remnant of 4,000 ever returned, there were Toc H members among them. One of these survivors has told us how when two or three of them managed to get together in a squad road-making or laying rails they would "hold a Toc H meeting" as they laboured under the eyes of their Japanese guards. Never before has Toc H been so tested. It had its breakdowns, of course, but it did not fail.

How faithful they were and how 'normal' in their Toc H life they strove to be is typified, among other records which have reached home, by a little slip of paper cut from some exercise book. On it is drawn in red and yellow chalk a Lamp of Maintenance and across this is typed a notice which in no word betrays the trouble they were in and reads like the notice of any peace-time unit at home. It is worth while to transcribe it here:—

TOC H WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT held by Hospital and Selarang Group in S. Luke's Chapel, Selarang, Saturday, December 11th, 1943, at 8.15 p.m.

PROGRAMME

THE KING

WELCOME TO MEMBERS AND VISITORS

John Parsons (Selerang Group)

ANTHEM: 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord' (Mendelssohn)

The Choir

DESCRIPTION OF THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT Major S. Grant (Selerang Group)

> At 9 o'clock THE CEREMONY OF 'LIGHT'

After the Ceremony all present will adjourn to the Chapel Garden, where supper will be served at 9.15 p.m.

Afterwards the Choir will sing first a group of Christmas Carols and then a group of folk songs of England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland and Australia; Lt. Col. Gilbert will speak on the work of Toc H in Changi.

"Supper"—on their starvation rations—in "the Chapel Garden"! Having "cast their burden upon the Lord," they stand round their Lamp, home-made with such loving care, remembering the whole family of Toc H, from which no distance or adversity can separate them. At that time many of them had been nearly two years behind bars, with no news from home.

At any time holding of weekly meetings was not easy, for a room was hard to come by and always likely to be changed. After a while Changi group took to meeting in the prison church, St. Paul's, where their Rushlight was kept. Sometimes a screen shut off the sanctuary, sometimes not, and smoking was always allowed. On occasions Japanese guards would drop in to check up what was going forward. Then, remembering the Japanese instinct to respect religious ritual, the speaker would raise his hands in the air and his audience fall on their knees. In this posture they were able to carry on business until the observer had departed.

A Composite Branch

It was not one group but many groups, some widely separated and never in touch with one another, which made up the new Malaysian Branch. The application for Branch status was actually drawn up, complete in every available detail, signed by the Chairman of the Changi District Team (Major S. G. Grant) and addressed formally to the Hon. Administrator at 47. Francis Street, London, on September 3, 1944—just a year before it became possible to forward it home. Its preamble speaks of—

"a posthumous Branch commemorating units of Toc H in prisoner of war camps in the following territories:—British Malaya, Jaya, Sumatra, Timor, Thailand, Indo-China, and the Islands under British and Dutch administration adjacent to these territories: it is not proposed to include any islands under Australian administration, as they will presumably be the concern of Toc H Australia".

In speaking of the many groups the application says that—
"Members of these groups have left their original prisoner of war
unit and have gone elsewhere with the intention of starting a Toc H
unit wherever they went. In at least one case a group went overseas
from Singapore (possibly to Korea) as a unit. The cadres of two
groups passed through Changi from Java and Timor, each bearing a
Rushlight which had been the symbol of corporate life. The
Guardians of these Rushlights were Padre Bindeman, A.I.F. (Timor
Group), later linked with Tandjong Priok Group, and Pte. Alf. Platt,
A.I.F. (Home address, Nariekup, W.A.)".

It is therefore certain that the whole story of the outlying parts of this composite Branch can never be told and many instances of faithful and gallant membership will go unrecorded.

The application lists eleven groups, but Frank Miles, writing after it was all over (December, 1945), records fourteen. They

were these:-

1. TANDJONG-PRIOK. Batavia, Java, formed in March, 1942, and carried on until the camps there were broken up in October, 1942.

2. CHANGI (later SOUTHERN AREA), Singapore, formed on March 27, 1942, a large group which functioned intermittently until April, 1943.

3. The 11th (INDIAN) DIVISION group, functioned from January to April, 1943.

4. The A.I.F. (Selerand) group, in being February to April, 1943.

5. The GARDEN AND WOODS AREA group, February to April, 1943. 6. The CALDECOTTE group, April to July, 1943. Little is known of this group, which went overseas.

7. The Selerang group, a large and lively unit, formed from the remnants of Nos. 2, 3 and 4 above. A real mixture of British and Australians of all ranks, with Dutch support for a time.

8. SIME ROAD group, January to April, 1944, formed from the sur-

vivors of the Up-Country parties.

9. The CHANGI GAOL group, formed from previous members of Nos. 7, 8 and 13. The largest group of all, with an excellent mixture of British and Australians. Met in the rather grim civilian gaol.

10. The TARRAH-MERAH group, an offshoot of No. 9, formed to

10. The TARRAH-MERAH group, an offshoot of No. 9, formed to serve the hospital area outside the Gaol. September, 1944, to the end

11. The WOODLANDS group, June, 1945, to the end. A small group which overcome great difficulties to meet the needs of a working-party in the Kranji Hospital area.

12. ROBERTS HOSPITAL, Changi; 13, Selerang Hospital; 14, Kranji Hospital—three groups fluctuating in strength but always on their toes, which might perhaps be regarded as one continuous Hospital

group.

Besides the usual teething troubles common to all units of Toc H while gaining their experience, a special difficulty rears its heads several times in the records and can now be frankly mentioned. This was the bad feeling which sometimes prevailed between British and Australian troops in the camps. Toc H met it and gradually defeated it in its own membership, making a real contribution to a solution of the problem. The honourable chapter of the Malaysian Branch belongs, therefore, as much to the history of Toc H Australia as to ours at home.

Learning Toc H

The Malaysian members, especially in Changi Gaol, the largest and most continuous group, took immense pains to learn about Toc H, its history, ideals and methods, and to organise it among

themselves as nearly as possible on the traditional lines. Probably few probationary units (that is, groups) at home face up to such a thorough grounding in these things. Again the depressing conditions of their imprisonment made Malaysian members value all this more than men with greater resources to hand and

appreciate the discipline which is involved in it.

They had to work on the most meagre supply of Toc H literature—a few members' diaries perhaps, a copy of Tales of Talbot House (it was, according to the log of their meetings, sometimes read aloud) and any chance pamphlets they had preserved on active service. We were, of course, quite unable to know their wants or to supply them from home, as we constantly did those of the prisoner of war groups in Germany and Italy.

As is often—but by no means always—the good fortune of Toc H, they soon found leaders among themselves. At the risk of being invidious, let us mention four of these at Singapore—Major S. G. Grant, Chairman of the District Team, an officer of the Federated Malay States Volunteer Forces; Lt. Col. C. Gilbert, of the Indian Army, District Pilot, and Frank Miles, a Warrant Officer, who succeeded him. The fourth was their District, later Area, Padre, G. J. Chambers, an Army Chaplain. He was on the Home staff of Toc H as Southern Area Padre some years ago, and older members will recall him in the Mark at Southampton and later as Vicar of a parish near by. In Gerry they found their teacher and adviser in all things belonging to Toc H, and when he died, a fortnight before liberation came—through helping his comrades regardless of his diminished strength—they all counted him as one of the heroes of their years of bondage together.

Gerry learned his Toc H in old days; he never forgot it and he was able to pass it on. It was he who, from memory, devised for them a form of application for membership, who taught them the history, the ceremonies, the 'set-up' and, what matters most the ideals of our movement. Finally, when certain difficulties became plain, his fellow-members put him into a most unusual

position of trust. To quote his own words:-

"The difficulties led to the use of a certain policy which may cause those at home to wonder, i.e. to the appointment by the District

Team of myself to powers similar to those of the Central Council. I hope that this may not be misunderstood. It came about through no desire to dominate and through no claim to be the only one to know Toc H.".

None of us who remember Gerry's unassuming character and gift of friendship will picture him as a dictator. He was the man on the spot who knew the ways of Toc H better perhaps than any other, the man raised up, his fellow-members felt, to teach them. They trusted him and they were not disappointed.

The "difficulties" were many, and Gerry refers especially to two. First, there were men among them who thought of Toc H rather as a pleasant club, with weekly meetings and a few simple jobs to pass the time; and, secondly, there were men who saw it as a possible political instrument if it, were affiliated either to the Right or Left. Neither of these misconceptions of the purpose of Toc H is unknown at home, but in the narrow confines of a prison camp they took on a sharper tone than they usually do with us. So Gerry, chosen as a teacher, set to work on a course of training which was to cover Toc H from A to Z.

The notes for his 'Training Talks' have come home in three exercise books, closely written in his very compact handwriting, and one cannot but wonder at the thoroughness, the clear arrangement and the detail of this work. The notes, for instance, for a talk on 'Thinking Fairly', the first and most difficult of the Four Points of our Compass, fill eight crowded pages of writing. One exercise book contains a series of talks on the organisation of Toc H, its various team-work, its personalities (some of us might have blushed had we been there!); another gives the skeleton of a series of six talks under the title 'I start Toc H', in which a mythical unit is built up in every detail at Stow-in-the-Mould (which seems a bit like the 'Gobbleston' in an old special number of this JOURNAL). If it proves possible to 'edit' these notes from a distant time and place for readers at home, we may attempt the task later in these pages.

A Matter of Jobs

Toc H is never content with theory but must try it out as soon as may be in real life. So these little teams of men, strained and under-nourished in body and mind, beset with anxieties and irritations of every sort, found solace in the service open to them.

A few quotations from the report of one of their Johnasters will give an idea of what this was like:

"In the early days one of the biggest difficulties was to find 'jobs' that did not sayour of fatigues under another name. Another point always to be borne in mind was that no job could be undertaken which might clash with the military discipline of the camps or which came under the jurisdiction of welfare officers or other organisations . . . "

"All groups naturally found a ready means of service in the Hospital. It is interesting to note in this connection the work of the Hospital Group, most of whose members were nursing orderlies who spent many weary hours ministering to the sick (in the early days there were some 2,000 patients) but who, in spite of everything, took a busman's holiday and helped in entertaining their patients as well." (Among their jobs he mentions reading to eye patients, "a cheery word" with those who had no visitors, doing the laundry of the bedridden, organising concerts, quizzes and tournaments of all kinds: "Too H set out to put a dart-board in every ward—and did so.")

In one notable case Padre Chambers got a member interested in the T.B. ward. "Owing to the nature of this disease most of the patients were confined to their beds, and visitors seemed afraid to go into the ward. The whole atmosphere was depressing in the extreme. Too H eventually changed this completely. They started a ward library and provided shelves; tables and benches were produced and the ward got its full share of entertainment. Three

patients are now members of Toc H ".

"Another general job has been helping the various Padres with their Chapels. During the numerous moves Chapels had to be dismantled, carried by trailers long distances and again erected: there

were always some Too H men in the parties".

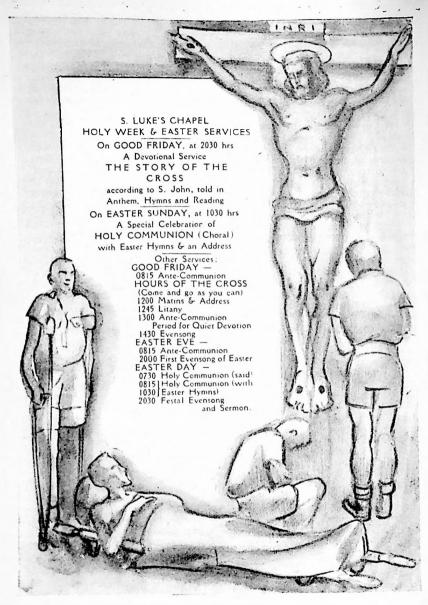
"An outstanding individual job which gave much pleasure to others" was done by a member (who preferred to remain anonymous) in the first home of St. Luke's Chapel which occupied a bare storeroom in the barracks. This member painted a set of murals, five of them, each eight feet square, on the walls and "completely transformed the room from commonplace drabness to a place of great beauty. His medium was a very limited one, white paint with one or two ingenious additions (e.g. blue billiard chalk) to give other colours". The scenes he painted were the Nativity, Last Supper, Crucifixion, the Day of Pentecost and-especially fitting in the

circumstances—St. Paul in prison with St. Luke ministering to him.

Not least telling is the Jobbie's note: "The personal jobs were very numerous and done in such a manner that they were little known to others. But those I came across or heard about pleased me, and made me realise that there were many men in the camp who could give up money, tobacco and food in order to help some-

body worse off than themselves ".

Note: We reproduce on the next page a notice (reduced in size), which has survived, of the Easter services in St. Luke's Chapel in the prison hospital. On the back is a 'Roll of Servers in the Sanctuary'-ten R.A.M.C. men, two Gunners and four Australians.



(See note at the bottom of the previous page).

Lamp and Banner

The new Branch, as the members had faith it would become long before the chance came to apply for Branch status, found a ready donor for its Lamp of Maintenance. As far back as October, 1943, Major Stanley Grant, the Chairman, made the offer and enclosed a cheque in a letter to Gerry Chambers, which has survived. The inscription to go with it which was finally agreed upon reads thus:

IN MEMORY OF LUCIE IT. B. GRANT OF KUALA LUMPUR; AND OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE MALAYAN CAMPAIGN, 1941-1942, INCLUDING THOSE LOST AT SEA—MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—AND IN THE ISLANDS ROUND ABOUT; AND OF THOSE WHO DIED IN CAPTIVITY.

I have done what was mine to do: May Christ show you what is yours. In Thy laght shall we see Laght.

The wish of the donor and his fellow-members is that the Lamp of the Malaysian Branch should be kept in the Anglican Cathedral of Singapore, subject, of course, to the consent of the Church authorities. And Dicky Dines, who has served Toc H for so many years in the Mediterranean and has now taken over our work in Singapore, sailed for the Far East a month or two ago with the Malaysian Lamp in his charge.

With the Lamp it is intended that the Banner of the Branch, not yet made, shall stand. A careful drawing was made in water



colours by one of the members in the camp. The design (which was reproduced in Frank Miles' article in 1945 and is repeated here) ingeniously combines various ideas. A gold Lamp of Maintenance takes pride of place; below it is a 'fetterlock', the handcuff of a prisoner. Above, on the left the rose, thistle and shamrock emblems of our home islands; in the centre, the stars of the Southern Cross for the Australian members of the Branch; on the

right, the three crowns of the wise men of the East. If you prefer heraldic terms, this 'blazon' is described thus:

Sable the Toe H Lamp or lighted proper in base a fetterlock, a chief of the second on a pale azure, between the Union Rose, the Thistle and Shamrock on the dexter and three Eastern Crowns of the fourth on the sinister, the constellation of the Southern Cross or.

Thus at Singapore, the scene of so many sufferings, a symbol remains to remind others, perhaps through many generations, that men whose bodies are in prison can keep their spirits free and maintain a light.

Concerning these let Padre Gerry Chambers have the last word, for he knew and loved and served them well. He wrote:

"What has already been written will abundantly manifest the grand way the spirit of Toc H has grown and thriven under P.o.W. conditions against every kind of difficulty . . .

"The essential spirit that is Toc H has all along been fostered and kept alive by a very small band of men, old members and new ones, who have seen and treasured as worth while the vision of opportunities and possibilities which Toc H alone affords,

Of these men, some have passed on to wider fields of service, and we remember them with proud thanksgiving; those who survive continue their probationship for service wherever they may be called . . .

"I hope the reports will show that the spirit of Toc H has prevailed—I cannot say how greatly. I value the privilege of having worked with this team of men and shared their difficulties and achievements and their sense that what we were attempting was worth while . . .

"We have worked for development of character, for the capacity for accepting responsibility and leadership, and above all that men

may find themselves in the light of Christ.

"I hope that the future will show that we have not been unsuccessful, and that even the humblest of us will know how to help Toc H at home. I hope, too, that Toc H itself may find from amongst us men who, having learnt their Toc H here, may be worthy . . . of leading in other ways at home in England or Australia".

And so the Malaysian Branch, long dissolved, lives on. Its Lamp is not only the memorial of many who suffered and did not live to see home again but the proud possession of its members still living among us on both sides of the world. The Family salutes a good example!

B.B.

Among the surviving papers of the Malaysian Branch is the blurred typescript of a talk given by 'Landy' on the subject-

'OF SHIPS, AND SHOES, AND SEALING WAX'

THE origin of the quotation is so well-known that it is unnecessary for me to tell you. Alice in Wonderland is a classic, and I suppose there is no one in this room who has not

read it at some time or other. I personally make a point of

reading it every two or three years or so.

Lewis Carroll, the author, was in private life a clergyman rejoicing in the name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, and Alice was written as a story for his grand-daughter (incidentally, she died just before the war in 1939).* Charles Dodgson himself was a lecturer in mathematics at Oxford. A story is told that when Queen Victoria read Alice in Wonderland she was so impressed that she wrote to Dodgson and asked him to forward her his other works so that she might read them. When he forwarded a treatise on Mathematical Functions the good Queen was not amused.†

To revert to Alice in Wonderland. Its author, then, was a mathematician, a man of cold hard logical power and incisive penetration into problems. How then came he to write the apparent nonsense of Alice? I think that if we look for the explanation within the book itself we can find it there. Let us for a moment look at Alice in Wonderland, not as a fairy story but as an allegory, in the same sense as Pilgrim's Progress and

Gulliver's Travels are allegories.

Alice is a normal person in a topsy-turvy world. She is the one sane being in it, with a correct sense of proportion, a correct sense of balance and a correct sense of values. Regarded in this light, the story takes on a totally different complexion. The Mad Hatter's Tea Party makes sense. How often have we in real life met the Dormouse! How many people do you not know who, no matter how great the events happening round them, remain completely indifferent, to all intents and purposes as fast asleep as the Dormouse was during the Party? What of the March Hare? Do you remember how he put butter into his watch and successfully gummed up the works? Are there not many people who are only too willing to gum up the works? Then, do you remember the croquet match at which the Queen.

^{* &#}x27;Lindy's ' memory here plays him false. Alice was written for Alice Liddell, the little daughter of the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and was the outcome of a river picnic of Dodgson and the three Liddell children in 1862; the book appeared in 1865.—Ed.

[†] Again a small slip. The Queen graciously suggested that he should dedicate his next book to her: it was, unfortunately, An Elementary Treatise on Dominants!—ED.

of Hearts was ready to lop off the head of anyone who got in her way?—a character completely unreasonable who would not and could not brook opposition. Don't we meet many such in the course of everyday existence? And do you remember the Queen's famous reply to Alice when she asked for jam?—" Jam yesterday, jam tomorrow, but never jam to-day." Is that not typical of so many people who have nothing good to say for the present but constantly refer to the benefits of the past and the hopes of the future? So through the whole book illustrations can be taken from the people Alice meets who find their counterpart in real life.

And what of Alice herself? Lewis Carroll makes her the ordinary, average person, with a perfectly balanced make-up, yet with the faults and failings of the average person. Do you recollect that there were places into which Alice could not get because she was too big? It was not until she had adjusted herself that she could take part in that place of life. Let us say that Alice in these conditions was suffering from what psychologists call 'superiority complex', in other words she found herself in company to which she considered herself the mental superior: in this state of mind she could not enter into real contact with the people she met. On the other hand, you will remember that the opposite sometimes took place—there were occasions on which Alice was so small that she could not fit into life around her. Do you not imagine that these were those occasions in life when we find ourselves in company which overawes us, maybe intellectually but more frequently in real life by reason of money, titles or worldly considerations?

In Prison and After

What has all this rigmarole to do with us Toc H members in prison? We have spent three years in conditions that are probably unique. We have had the opportunity of acquiring a brand new set of values. For the first time in our lives we have learned that "Give us this day our daily bread" really means exactly what it says, and we have been truly thankful for the bread when we have received it: our prayer is no longer lip service. In the same way we have for the first time in our lives lived under conditions which are comparable with those of the 'submerged tenth'. We

can understand and really appreciate the mind of the man who steals bread or milk for his starving children. We have, in brief, seen life from a totally different angle, we have encountered men at their best and at their worst, we have lived, particularly upcountry, in conditions which called out the best, and unfortunately also the worst, in man. Some of us have a sense of values which we have tested and tried and have found to be satisfactory. It is then, as I see it, our plain duty to take that new sense of values back with us into the world outside. That world will be to us who have been incarcerated here as much a 'wonderland' as the world Alice found.

But how are we going to meet that world? We are in duty bound to give back that which we have here received. Browning in his poem *Fra Lippo Lippi* does, I think, give the answer when he makes Lippo Lippi say—

God uses us to help each other so, Lending our minds out.

That is what we have to do—to put ourselves in the position of people we meet, to see things from their angle and with our own experience to guide and help those less fortunate than ourselves. I pointed out just now that we had lived under conditions similar to those of the 'submerged tenth', that army of poverty-stricken beings once normal in the slums of our great cities. Well then, we can go now to their like with something to offer, some genuine sympathy in place of the patronising attitude all too frequent in the past. Not all of us can talk, we may find ourselves inarticulate at the very moment when words might help. But I would suggest that a smile, a joke, an action kindly meant is even more valuable than a word. Confucius once said "Better do a kindness near at hand than walk a thousand miles to burn incense", and that is still true.

We are not going to find this new way at all easy. We shall be rejected and looked upon as self-seekers; we shall meet with opposition and, what is even more discouraging, indifference. To all that we can make answer perhaps with the words of Clough's poem—

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in you smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

In other words we have just got to keep on keeping on. So much for when we get out of here, but what about the present? A probationer remarked to me the other evening that since he had been coming along to our meetings he had heard talk after talk of what we proposed to do after we got outwhat about the now? That struck me as being fair criticism. We do what we can now, but that doesn't alter the fact that we might do more. Here in this gaol, particularly at this present time, there are many fellows (not necessarily Toc H men) who are down in the dumps, have got a dose of the 'blues' or what have you. Well, we can do something about it. It costs little to offer a roll to the lad who looks fed up with life; to sit down on his bed and have a yarn with him costs nothing and may be doing him a spot of real good. Lastly, one can do a tremendous lot with a laugh. I recommend that among our prayers in the days ahead we include this: -

> Give me a sense of humour, Lord, And sense to see a joke, To get some laughter out of life And pass it on to other folk.

> > 'LINDY'

A Note on P.o.W. Branches in Germany

In November, 1944, when we were approaching the last Christmas of the war, the Guard of the Lamp sent to all Toc H groups in the Oflags and Stalags in Germany the best Christmas gift it seemed in the power of Toc H to offer—promotion to Branch status for as long as they continued to exist. Some letters which reached us, months later, showed that this was not regarded by our members in prison as any empty honour. As one wrote:—

"Our first feelings were of our unworthiness of Branch status, but as we have thought further on the great honour which has been conferred on us, our thoughts are proud ones and we have rededicated ourselves anew to be worthy members, not only of our new Branch but, we sincerely hope, useful members of some other Branch on our return home . . . Our spirits and resolution have never been higher than at this Christmas, which for so many is the fourth or fifth in captivity."

THOSE PROGRAMMES

E. WYER of Hunstanton gives us his ideas on a matter of real moment to Toc H units. Other suggestions will be welcome.

OST units have now settled down to regular routine again, after the upheaval of war years and the depletion of members, who have now come back. Until recently many programmes have been of a very scratch nature, improvised hastily to meet the occasion; members probably did not know what was to be the event of the evening until they arrived, or at the most only

at the previous week's meeting.

These methods probably met the case when the 'old stagers' were the only members likely to be present. Being well steeped in the methods of Toc II they would fully appreciate the difficulties of organising a watertight programme list. But if we have been busy recruiting amongst the returned ex-service men, as we should have been, there should now be many new faces in the family. Many of these will have had very little experience of Toc II previously and will be more critical of the fare that is served, and it is therefore up to us to see our programmes are well balanced and interesting, planned reasonably far ahead and not improvised on the spur of the moment. How shall we plan and who shall be the planners, of our programmes?

In our unit we have tried various methods. It is too much to expect the Secretary to do it all; he will be busy with other matters. In fact it is too much for any one person, for he may start off with a bang but his ideas will soon fade out or get into a rut of similarity. Even with two different members being responsible for a month, there is a tendency to copy the earlier programmes, with a preponderance of outside speakers and, worse still, a lack of balance or continuity, no connection in the series or progressive scheme running over a period. It has the one advantage that it interests more people in the work of the

unit.

Personally I believe some of the most interesting evenings are those provided by the unit off its own bat, by the members themselves. They enable all to take part, a result not achieved by the visit of outside speakers who are strangers to the unit. One of the finest things Toc H can do is to help a fellow to develop self-expression and when you get the timid probationer to take

part for the first time in the programme of his own free will, then you are well on the way to hold his interest and make him really one of the family. In addition the unit will have gained a fresh outlook on life through another pair of eyes, from a different angle.

The Planners

For the planners I would suggest a committee of not more than four, one to act as secretary, for preference a live member with imagination, who does not hold another office, for he will have quite enough to do if he is keen. It will be his job to help with suggestions, collect ideas, knock them into shape and fix dates and see the results are made known. (If you do not feel justified in having the programme printed, do at least see that a copy is typed and put on the notice board, so that members may be prepared to take part if needed). Give this programme secretary the opportunity of announcing next week's fixture some time during the evening. Take copies of the programme along to the District Team and swop them with other units. They may like to visit you and you will also find your unit has not got all the brain waves.

The Pilot should certainly be one of the programme committee. If he is the right person he should be well steeped in the history and traditions of Toc H, and will see that these have their place in the programmes, in a form elementary enough for the newcomer and challenging enough to shake those who have become complacent.

The Padre can be a useful member with his many contacts and can give helpful advice in avoiding danger spots in the programmes. Don't let the Padre have it all his own way. Keep your feet on the ground even if you fix your eyes on the stars: we need to do both.

Let the fourth member be a rank-and-file member who will be well able to put the unit's point of view, so that he can assist in keeping the balance. If he is not yet doing another job so much the better, he will be another interested member. If he is a comparatively new member so much the better, he will learn the family spirit quicker and be able to tell you what the newcomer wants to know.

So much for the planners: now for the plan. I would strongly recommend any programme committee to have a copy of The Bridge Builders as their gospel. It is full of the right ideas and has brought success to many units.

To have a well-balanced programme one must allocate the nights to this end, on a monthly basis of four or five nights to the month, as most units meet once a week. I would suggest:-

1st Night: A Civic Series, for there is at present much more interest in local government than there has been for some time. Open the doors to others interested and bring the expert to the unit. Being the first Tuesday or Wednesday, or whatever night you meet, of the month, it will be easier for outsiders to remember it. Let your local press know of the series. Suggested Subjects

Local Government. Its History and Development.

Clerk of the Council Your Rates-What they produce, how expended...The Accountant Gas or Electricity, its production and distribution. The Engineer Education, and the new Act A member of Education Committee Fire Service and dealing with fires.....Local Commander The Police: Organisation and Detection.... Local Inspector or Supt. Postal Services The Postmaster Court Procedure Clerk to Justices Juvenile Crime The Probation Officer Banking, Its History and Services. Local Bank Manager

The 2nd Night: Too H NIGHT. The Pilot should know all the answers for this one. If help is needed, try The Bridge Builders or Toc H Under Weigh.

The 3rd Night: Outside Speaker. Suggestions by all mem-

bers to the Programme Committee, plus Padre's help.

The 4th Night: Discussion, debate, brains trust or quiz with all taking part. The Association for Education in Citizenship

and W.E.A. pamphlets useful.

The 5th Night: If there is a local unit of the Women's Section, join up and let both sections contribute to a programme of a light or serious nature. If there is no Women's Section, make it the light evening of the month, a Guest Night if you like—but I would rather say that any night is a Guest Night to which a member can feel he can bring a friend. Let us be missionaries and not keep all the good things to ourselves.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

Anderson.—In June, William Anderson, a member of Falkirk

Camelon group. Elected 9.2.'46.

Baldwin.—On July 23, at Melbourne, Australia, the Rev. P. W. ('Bill') Baldwin, State Padre of Victoria and Hon. Federal Padre, 1931-'36. Elected April, 1931.

Bowden.—On February 17, Robert F. Bowden, a member

of Porthleven Branch. Elected 26.10.'40.

Brown.—On July 14, Kenneth William Brown, former Secretary and Treasurer of Morton Branch. Elected 28.4.'34.

Church.—On July 11, Robert Victor Church, aged 30, a

member of Manchester Branch. Elected 11.7.'47.

CLAYTON.—On July 9, Philip Byard Clayton (son of Sir Hugh Clayton and nephew of Tubby), assistant master at Edgegrove School, a member of the General and Services Branch. Elected 28.12.'42.

CRUIKSHANK.—On July 10, JOHN CRUIKSHANK, a member of

Boldre group. Elected Feb., 1930.

Curtis.—On June 26, Alec M. Curtis, aged 67, a member of Aldingbourne group. Elected 6.10.'44.

HILLYARD.—On June 27, S. F. HILLYARD, aged 70, a Toc H

Builder (Woodford).

Howells.—On July 12, suddenly, Ivor Howells, aged 25, a member of Ferndale Branch. Elected 1.2.'42.

Jarvis.—On June 19, after long illness, Harold E. Jarvis, a

member of Darlington Branch. Elected 11.5.'28.

Lambert.—On July 7, the Rev. Geoffrey Lionel E. Lambert, Padre of Woking Branch. Elected (Ashtead) 1.4.'36.

LEVEN AND MELVILLE.—On January 15, the Earl of Leven and Melville, a member of the General Branch. Elected

(Cavendish Association) 1921.

LOVEDAY.—On July 9 at Melbourne, Australia, the Rev. Eric S. Loveday, aged 42, Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, former Padre of Bristol Branch. Elected (Bearwood, Birmingham) 27.6.34.

Montford.—In May, R. Montford, Town Councillor, a

member of Wellingborough Branch. Elected 2.12.'46.

PACKHAM.—On July 9, HUBERT JACK PACKHAM, a member of Kennington (Kent) Branch and East Kent District Bursar. Elected 13.1.'33.

Powell.—On August 5, Elizabeth Beatrice Powell, aged 84, a Toc H Builder and donor of the Guildford Branch Lamp.

Sinclair.—On July 16, the Rev. John A. Sinclair, formerly Padre of Clitheroe Branch. Elected 4.7.'38.

SMITH.—On December 12, 1946, WALTER SMITH, aged 76, a member of Stroud Branch. Elected 13.12.'35.

SYMMONS.—On June 29, GEORGE VINCENT SYMMONS, aged 75, a member of Hayes (Kent) Branch. Elected 19.4.'38.

WATHEN.—On January 24, the Rev. WILLIAM MACKENZIE HULBERT WATHEN, Vicar of Totland Bay, 1928-45, former Padre of West Wight group. Elected 31.12.29.

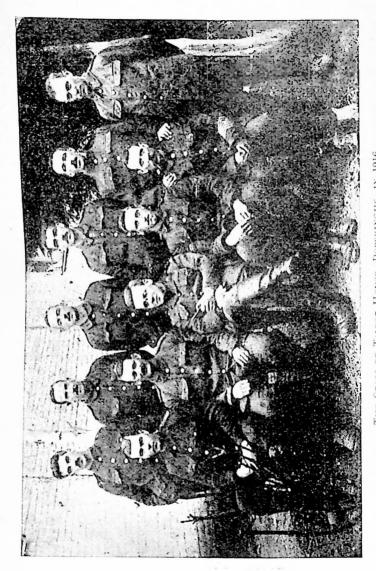
Woods.—On June 29, M. H. S. Woods, aged 58, Chairman of Orpington Branch and a Central Councillor. Elected 24.9.'42.

THERE AND HERE

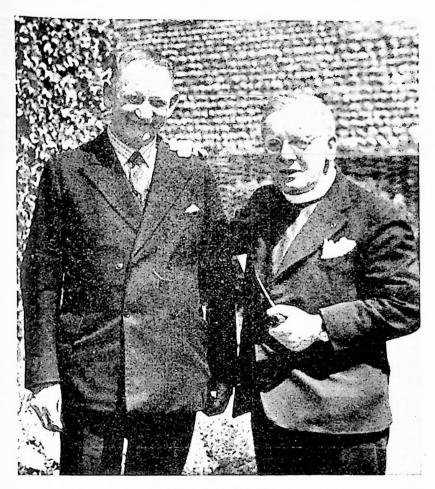
The 22nd Australian Birthday Festival will be held in Adelaide from October 22 to 28.

Having returned at the end of April from Australia and New Zealand, Padre Gilbert Williams is setting of again this month on his travels, this time to visit Toc H in Eastern Canada and possibly in the West.

During his absence from Headquarters his deputy will again be Padre John Durham, who has recently visited *Malta* and reported to the Central Executive on the work being done there under the leadership of Jimmy and Mrs. Allen. The Chairman of the Malta Toc H Council is now Surgeon-Captain A. J. Tozer, R.N. (retd.), and the Hon. Secretary is Wing Commander G. Prigmore, R.A.F.



photograph, taken in the garden of the Old House, shows Tubby scaled Godier, second from the left, next to him, and 'The Gry. (Pte. Pettier, THE STAFF OF TALBOT HOUSE, POPERINGHE, IN 1916



TWO OLD FRIENDS

At Whitsuntide. 1947, before the Sussex Scoul Rally, a reunion of two old friends was arranged and recorded by the Editor of the Brighton Herald, to whom we owe this photograph. Ex-Sergt, Godler of the 4th Bn., The Coldstream Guards, in 1916, was Chief of Staff to Talbot House. Poperinghe (see opposite page). In 1922 he initiated Tubby, who then initiated Pettiffer (see opposite page), who then initiated Sergt. Godley—the first three in Toe H.

AT WORK IN THE CANAL ZONE

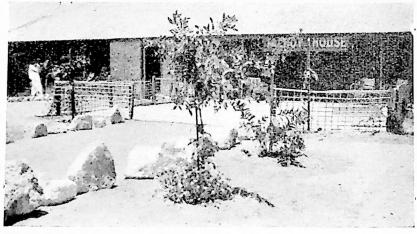
In the report which Lako made (it was printed in the February Journal) on his visit to Egypt and Palestine he told us of changes in the Toc H Services 'set-up' which the movement of all British troops from Egypt would bring about—the closing of the Cairo Club and the opening of one, if possible, at Fanara in the Canal Zone. Here Coleman Cross, the Warden, tells us something about it. The pictures show the Club, outside and in—with the Warden 'chair-borne'.

ALBOT HOUSE in the Canal Zone was opened in March, 1947, and we have made such wonderful progress during the short time we have been open that we feel you would like to know a little of what we are doing.

Toc H Teams: In addition to the already established Team at Fayid we have started a new Team at Fanara (thirty odd Members and Pass-holders); we have given new life to the Team at Kasfareet (an all R.A.F. Team); and are helping to re-estab-

lish the Teams at Moascar and Ismailia.

We broadcast our activities from the Forces Broadcasting Station, and at the request of Commanding Officers the Commissioner has given talks on Toc H to units during their A.B.C.A. hours. German P.o.W. Camps have been visited and C-C has given talks on Toc H to large groups of English-speaking P.o.W.'s. These talks were asked for by the Officer i/c the camp, and in the main the groups of 100 plus were German Officers.



Jobs: It's a fallacy to say jobs cannot be found in a Military area: the jobs undertaken, and the jobs done, and still being done, are splendid. Colonels, Majors and other Officers setting forth with Privates and N.C.O.'s on their jobs at the B.M.H. under the direction of the L/Cpl. Johnnaster, helps to prove, if proof was necessary, that a grand Team Surrer exists.

Guest Nights: We have had two Guest Nights at Talbot House, Fanara, and our last one was attended by eighty-two Toc H Members and their friends; it was a real Toc H Guest

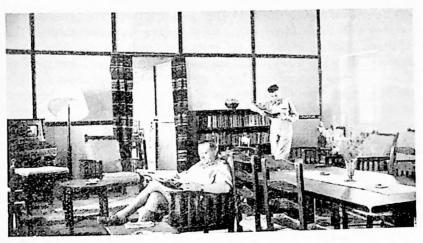
Night.

Special speakers have come to Fanara, one of them, Archdeacon F. F. Johnston, C.B.E., doing the round trip of over two hundred miles to talk to us about the Tomb and Treasure of the Boy

King Tut'ankhamen.

The House: Our House, so we are told by the Soldiers and Airmen who use it, is the most comfortable place in the area. At first it was no uncommon thing for some fellows to come to the door, see the Lounge, turn away and say 'Sorry, I did not know this was an Officers' Club'. The library, writing room, lounge and games rooms are made great use of, and our musical evenings put quite a tax on the available space.

The Chapel: On Sunday we turn the Games Room into a Chapel (we brought our Chapel with us from Cairo) and the



services are well attended (the nearest Church is over five miles away) and the D.A.C.G., who is the Team Padre, is responsible for the services.

Too H Staff Visitors: The members of Too H Staff who have visited Talbot House in the Canal Zone are F. N. Stevens, A. W. Servante, and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Starbuck, and each one of them has been very generous in praise of our House.

There are of course many other things we could tell you about, and perhaps one day, if we can find the time, we will give a report in detail of the things Toc H is doing in the bit of desert that runs alongside the Suez Canal.

C.C.

JERUSALEM CARRIES ON

News and pictures of Talbot House, our Service Club by the Jaffa Gate in Jerusalem, have appeared several times in these pages. Owing to the 'troubles' there the House was closed and a new centre opened 'behind the wire'. Here is a brief record of this beginning by Cecu. Starbuck, the Warden, who made it and who arrived home last month with his wife. Nancy, at the end of their excellent tour of duty. Cecil omits to tell us that Toe H was, at the time he describes, the first and only Club to get going again in Jerusalem.

THE Annual Report in the March-April Journal, speaking of our House in Jerusalem, informed you that "at the moment the doors are shut and the Warden and his wife, Cecil and Nancy Starbuck, have to live elsewhere, behind barbed wire." This is the story.

It was a great blow to us on January 30 to be told by the military authorities that, in common with all Services Clubs and Hostels in Jerusalem, outside a cantonment, we were to close our doors immediately. I received this news from my wife on returning from a fortnight's stay in the Military Hospital at Sarafand; and as our Hostel—far from being in a cantonment—was actually inside the Jaffa Gate of the Old City, Jerusalem, there was just nothing to do about it, except close. The staff were sent off to their various homes with a share of the weekend's meat which had arrived that morning, and with the hope that we should be able to send for them "soon". For ourselves, we collected a few personal belongings and moved into the married quarters at Allenby Barracks—"behind barbed wire"—'Operation Polly' (or 'Folly'—as you will!) had begun.

Nancy and I made the most of our stay in Allenby. A period of rest was very welcome to us both (some of the lounge chairs from the Hostel badly needed re-covering!) and for the first week or so, with everyone at 'panic-stations' it was foolish to attempt anything in the way of re-starting. All we managed to do was to sneak out of Barracks for an hour or two each day, to see that all was still well inside the House in Jaffa Gate. Each time we were out, we met some of our 'ex-customers', who always wanted to know when we would re-open. We pleaded to be allowed to open just for a few hours in the daytime, to give the boys their cup of tea, but were refused—"there is no security". We tackled our Police friends, who said they would keep a 'friendly eye' on us from the security point of view, if that would help-but it didn't! Padre Hugh Jones, of Christ Church, was willing to find us a room in the Church compound, but this still did not satisfy the military authorities from the security point of view.

Our next objective was to find alternative temporary premises, within a cantonment, for it was increasingly obvious to us, that in a situation such as we then had in Jerusalem, with everyone 'on edge', all the British behind barbed wire and living a very restricted life, the one big need was for 'Welfare', somewhere for troops and police to sit down in comfort and relax for a

while. Too H was needed.

Every day we pestered the Welfare Officer to find us some accommodation, and early in March our hopes were raised, though the story of the prospective premises (an Army 'Hirings' building) did not sound very attractive. It had previously been the local Military Police billet, and had first been offered to another Society because their old Club had been the largest in Jerusalem. They turned it down on account of the high rental and because there was no guarantee as to duration of tenure.

Nancy and I had a look round, and decided that, in order to try and do the job that was crying out to be done, we would take these premises on. So we again pleaded, "Try and reduce

the rental ...

Moving House

The Army helped us well, in doing certain re-decorations, and the Police and other friends lent a hand in moving and



Morning Coffee in the new Club.

fitting things in, so that the only items we had to pay for were the removal of our safe and our grand piano. We found the walls of the largest room glamourised' by four very large 'pin-up' girls, but we decided Toc II tea would prove of just as much attraction as pin-ups'. So the four ladies were distempered over-the best we could do for them in the way of

clothing—not a bad 'black-out' for hot weather!

The new premises were opened on April 1 by Col. Gordon, O.C. East Palestine Sub-District. We gathered as many of the friends of Toc H together then as we could get hold of quickly, and it was a great joy to us to have the Armenian Patriarch with us on that day to give us his blessing.

There are no beds in the new Talbot House, Jerusalem—for Jerusalem is not a leave centre now—but as a sort of compensation, we now have a garden—little more than a large paved yard, it is true, but six beach umbrellas and tables, and a flower-bed have made it look quite gay.

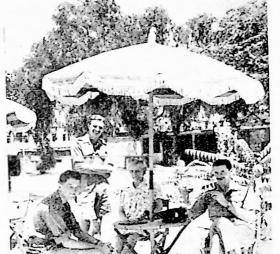
The Canteen was previously the Military Police Sergeants' Mess, so their bar was just ideal, though nowadays, of course, the character of the drinks served has changed. The Dining Room seats forty, and the lounge, which possesses a grand fireplace for the winter evenings, is capable of seating a similar number. The Games Room, with its table-tennis table, is very popular.

Life in Jerusalem

Life in Jerusalem today is very difficult. No one can foresee the future, and even the G.O.C., who came to visit us soon after our opening, would not guarantee that Toc H would not be tipped out into the street at almost a moment's notice. However, our pleadings about the rental bore fruit, for it has now been reduced to less than a quarter of the original figure. Even so, the new Talbot House in Jerusalem will not make money, but at least it is helping to do a job of service for those men of ours, who serve not only their country, but the whole world, in the Holy Land. It is not pleasant to be either a soldier or a policeman in Palestine, and to know that just because you are British, you may be blown up or shot in the back from an alley-way. It is not pleasant to be running a Toc H Service Club in such a country, and to have a very dear

friend shot through the heart as was George Beynon, a Police Inspector,, who was on his way into the country to spend a week's leave with his wife and twomonth old baby. Nancy and I are proud to be that child's God-parents.

The doings of unscor' (the UNO commission of enquiry) make headlines in Palestine papers. Soon their report will be before the United Nations, and all who love Palestine, whether for its



With Mrs. Starbuck in the Garden.

tremendous religious associations, or simply for its beauty, or more naturally because it is their homeland, or because they want it to be their national home—Christian, Arab, Jew, or visitor—All will be interested, and the United Nations face a tremendous task in dealing with such a complex problem.

Whenever you see 'Palestine' in print, think of the Toc H Club in Jerusalem, humbly trying to serve those men of ours who strive to keep peace and to give a fair deal to all, in a land where "peace on earth and goodwill towards man" was first proclaimed nineteen hundred and forty seven years ago.

CECIL STARBUCK.

INDIA LOOKS AHEAD

A S India prepares to take her place as two free Dominions in the British Commonwealth of Nations we at home look on with the greatest interest and goodwill, prepared to lend a hand in any way we can. Too H has its own small but vital stake in this historic development. It has reason to be proud of its modest past in India, where a small membership in a vast sub-continent

has worked faithfully for more than twenty years.

The culmination of that period was, of course, its effort in War Services, about which news appeared from time to time in these pages. A very full and finely produced record of this work, under the title of Toc H with the Forces in the East, 1942-46, with some striking pictures, has been published in India, and some copies of it are available on application to Headquarters. This covers not only the welfare work for the fighting Services which began in India in 1942, but its extension across Burma to Japan. As readers know, most of the staff for this work were appointed at home and the Hon. Administrator (W. J. Lake Lake) paid two visits to India in person during the war. Besides the great majority who came from the United Kingdom, India and Ceylon, members from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Argentine, Chile and the Tonga Islands served on this staff in Clubs and mobile units, and there is no Toc H story which surpasses this in hard work, adventure and romance.

Much credit for the success of all this is due to some senior members in India, all over-worked men who gave of their best to Toc H. Of these it is right to name four in particular who Were Trustees W. W. Lillian of John Ormiston (Al. 2000). Accountant) and W. W. Midwell of the Month of the Mark of

Ferrend

And now the current goes up on a new set. Indicated of opportunity as of cange, in tadia. In recent year in South India. Indians have played an increasing permembership; now the will be called to the position of partners in it. The Indian Christian community they come has its own niche in the economy of they come has its own niche in the economy of the Dominions and is nightly expected. It is likely to read difficulties but it has its faith to meet them with and Broadlies to stand beside it. We at home shall await first the wishes and any help we can offer.

'The Lamp'

At the outset there is one matter of urgency in which some of us may be able to give a little help. It is raised in a letter the Editor from Major George Myles, who has been a member in India for fourteen years and finished his Toc H work there a Hon. Secretary of the North West India Region. He writes

"The Monthly Publication in India through which the family of

Too H in that country is kept informed is The Lamp.

"Coupled with the depiction of membership subscribers to The Lambave also diminished. The Business Manager is therefore finding in difficult to make the publication self-supporting and is also unable to solve the problem as to how to find funds to meet bills for the current year. If such conditions continue it is inevitable that its publication will have to come to an end, but this would be disastrous just when Too H in India is entering a new regime.

"The editing of The Lamp is in the capable hands of Rao Sahib Paul whose brilliant work has been beyond reproach. It has been noticed that during some months he has undertaken to write every article.

"This small letter is therefore being published with the faint hope that it will catch the eyes of some of our members who served Toc H so loyally in India, not confined to the period of the war but prior to that; there must be hundreds who still have a deep affection for Toc H in India, especially these days when conditions in that country are difficult and the future of the country is at stake.

"The Annual Subscription to The Lamp is 5s. 6d., post free, and copies may be ordered from A. S. Paul, B.A., c/o Messrs, Parry & Co., Ltd., Esplanade, Madras, India."

It is not, we maintain, only for past and present members of Toc H India, as George Myles suggests, to support the uphill effort of Paul, the fine Indian editor of *The Lamp*. Every unit at home which looks beyond its local affairs to the world-wide commitment of our family, can both keep abreast of the tremendous new times for us in India and give the most practical bit of help in its power by subscribing at once for a monthly copy of *The Lamp* of India. It repays reading, and it is not too much to say that we at home, between us, can keep *The Lamp* from going out.

B.B.

A PRESS NOTE

The work done by Mrs. Gabrielle Nicholl as Press and Publicity Officer, mainly in connection with the Bursar's appeal for the Toc H War Services Fund, has come to an end and she has left the Staff with our thanks and best wishes. While the Secretaryship of the Literature and Publicity Committee is being carried on by Les Wheatley, the rest of her work is now being taken over by F. G. Chesworth, who has been on the Services Staff overseas since 1943 and lately Commissioner, C.M.F., Italy. He will also fill the post, vacant since 1939, of Assistant Editorial Secretary. (The Editor hopes that the Journal may be produced earlier in the month!)

Revised Version

A revised Constitution of District Teams and Area Executives has been sanctioned by the Central Executive and will shortly be obtainable from Headquarters and Area Offices.

BEEF AND MUSTARD

MANY years ago, when I was in the habit of spending in evening a week in a doss house in the slume of training I heard a jingle which comes to mind again now. A to 9 lodger entered the kitchen one night, and as he squared in shoulders and walked across the floor it was easy to gives some of his history. Like seventy per cent, of the men one met in that doss-house he was a time-expired regular soldier, spoilt by long service abroad for any civilian use and cast upon the seratheap. He sat down on the bench beside the blazing fue, at which other men were brewing tea soon to be shared round all of us in a common basin—and frying a rasher out of some college dust bin. He was a stranger, with no rations to share, and to ease his strangeness I offered him a game of dominoes, the usual opening gambit. Presently, under cover of the noisy shuffling of the dominoes on the table, he asked me for a 'loan' of half-a-crown. It was a fixed first principle with the two or three of us who visited there never to pass any money, and I refused. He paused to set up his hand of dominoes, then leant across and produced his jingle in a fierce whisper-

Sympathy without Relief Is like Mustard without Beef.

And the game was not so good after that. We both felt hurt, I that he had tried to cadge money, he that I had refused it.

The moral of this simple tale does not need labouring, I hope. The 'loan' of half-a-crown is an enemy of friendship under such conditions. It humiliates the giver and damages the self-respect, if he has any, of the recipient. If it is to take place without this harm to both parties it can only be on the basis of complete trust and affection between them, that is out of 'charity' in its high original meaning of love, not its impersonal sense debased by bazaars and self-advertisement. Stevenson, in his essay on Beggars, puts the delicacy of this relation as well as anyone:

"What an art it is to give, even to our nearest friends, and what a test of manners to receive! . . . We should wipe two words from our vocabulary: gratitude and charity. In real life, help is given out of friendship, or it is not valued; it is received from the hand of friendship, or it is resented."

He goes on to speak of the dilemma of the Rich Man who "has the money and lacks the love" and so searches for the Deserving Poor". And he ends thus:—

"And yet there is one course which the unfortunate gentleman can take. He may subscribe to pay the taxes. There were the true charity, impartial and impersonal, cumbering none with obligation, helping all . . . But alas! there is no colour of romance in such a course; and people nowhere demand the picturesque so much as in their virtues."

'A mad World, my Masters!'

I want now to apply this to a subject to which some readers will doubtless feel too much space and stress has already been given in these pages: I mean our relations with Germany. Whatever our personal feelings about the Germans may be, none of us can now escape the knowledge that the fate of our own country in this most dark hour of history is bound up with theirs, that their recovery is a problem at the centre of the so-called 'Marshall Plan' and that the frontier between the 'ideologies' of East and West, whose clash threatens the whole future of mankind, runs visibly across German soil. No one can any longer pretend that Germany's present and future is no concern of ours.

No one, moreover, pretends that help to Germany from her neighbour nations is disinterested. Their own economic recovery and their political self-preservation hangs on its success. If Russia, with her well-defined satellites, has chosen a road of her own, we in Western Europe know that we must travel ours—with half Germany in our company. This is the most fateful parting of the ways and we must never abandon hope and effort

to make them meet somewhere again.

Germany's first problem is food—a problem stated in a series of 'vicious circles', intersecting in a way Euclid's cold logic could never resolve. Circle No. 1: Work is needed to produce food—the German has not enough food to do a good day's work to produce a good day's food—and so on, hopelessly round and round. Circle No. 2: The main food-producing areas in Germany are in the East, behind the 'iron curtain' through which no food flows westward—the main population which needs feeding is in the industrial West, already overcrowded and growing more so every day as men, women and children escape

or are expelled from the East—and so on, round and round, in a mood of mounting despair. Circle No. 3: Germany at the best of times (and this is the worst of times) is not self-supporting and must export manufactures to import food—manufactures need machinery of which vast quantities have been destroyed in war and of which vast quantities are being destroyed or removed by the victors who have to import the food and pay for it—and so on, round and round like a lunatic's dream. "A mad world, my masters!" From it we cannot merely withdraw; into it we are bound to pour our little to help those who have less. Failure to help Germany back to some tolerable standard of existence means either a Slough of Despond at the heart of Europe into which all of us, in varying degrees, must sink, or some desperate attempt of a perishing people to break their own way through in which, once more, we shall be blown sky-high.

This is the human dilemma, and to resolve it requires more than human contrivance: it calls for Christian principle, the instrument most rarely employed in international affairs.

The best Advantage

Food for Germany on an effective scale, enough to begin restoring self-respect and self-support, can only be made available by international agreement. Meanwhile the private man or woman, moved more or less consciously by the Christian principle of "If thine enemy hunger, feed him", does not wait but acts; out of our own diminishing stores we post parcels. Permission to do this was given under the pressure of public opinion, and any withdrawal of the concession would meet with public outcry.

Our own position is now so precarious that the future of food parcels cannot be foreseen. In any case we must now use these precious gifts to their best advantage—and what is that? Many will not hesitate to answer "Personal parcels", that is gifts to an individual or named family, a personal pledge of friendship, a link strengthened by a letter of thanks. Before accepting, or discouraging, that as the best way, it is worth while to consider it more closely. I-Iere are some questions to answer:—

1. Ought parcels to depend on luck? The German family which happens to have relations or acquaintances in other

countries may receive gifts from outside denied to their neighbours. Special luck, not special need, determines this—and that is not a proper principle of relief.

2. Does discrimination do harm? The lucky family (e.g. a German visitor or P.o.W. who makes a dozen friends in England or America) may receive a steady supply of food from abroad to supplement the meagreness and monotony of their rations, while the postman never knocks at their neighbour's door. This does not, of course, escape notice: it causes gossip and, like as not, unneighbourly feeling. One of the worst failings of the Germans is to find causes of division among themselves: we should avoid providing one more cause.

At an Anglo-German conference in London in which I took part a few weeks ago this factor was several times referred to by our German guests. One speaker said that there were signs of what he called "a new elite" in Germany, composed of those who could get more food than others. This, he said, applied to parcels from friends abroad, though still more, of course, to special success in the black market. (Everyone at this conference agreed that the black market was now essential to existence in Germany, but a firm distinction was drawn between those who used it to keep alive and tolerably fit and those who used it to live luxuriously or make a fortune: the first was reckoned normal, the second a crime against society).

It should here be added that in that land of violent contrasts which is Germany, the mass of the population, especially in the cities, suffer very great privations but certain people find means to live at a higher standard than they have ever done. This is especially true of some farmers of whom one often hears a new and bitter proverb—"The farmer has no shortages, except perhaps a Persian carpet for his cow-shed." Those who distribute relief on the spot are well aware of these contrasts and know where the need is and where it is not.

3. Do parcels promote cadging? That is a question framed in a crude form but it needs to be considered. All of us know from experience that it is not always those whose need is greatest who ask for help. The beggar, even "the able-bodied rogue", may whine in the street while far better men suffer unseen and

in silence. Again and again in Germany today you can get behind the front of a good man's courage and discover how bare his table is and how despairing his heart. When all his world seems crumbling round him and the old standards slip down, his temptation is strong to pocket some of his pride and become a beggar too. Then self-respect is wounded and no wound is harder to heal. This may seem an academic argument, but I received a letter the other day from a perfect stranger in Germany in which the struggle could be read between the lines. The writer was the mother of a family in dire, but probably not exceptional, need, her husband a prisoner in Russia (commonly to be reckoned the equivalent of death); she would never beg from anyone—and then she did. It is hard to turn a deaf ear to such a cry, but if you listen and act, does it promote cadging? The answer in many cases cannot be in doubt.

4. Do we pat ourselves on the back? One of the rewards—and snags—of 'doing good' is the self-satisfaction of the giver. Real saints may avoid this form of selfishness but the rest of us know it well. In Toc H absolute unselfishness is no commoner than anywhere else, and many a jobmaster's report can make one squirm with its self-satisfaction: like little Jack Horner it cries with glee "What a good boy am I!" It is therefore not easy, perhaps it is impossible to most of us, to post a parcel, collected with trouble and some self-denial, to Germany without 'getting a kick out of it' for ourselves. This is not a crime but it needs watching. For it affects the delicate relationship between the giver and recipient of which Stevenson speaks in his essay already quoted. It puts us in the difficult position of patronage and the German of obligation.

A Better Way?

5. Is there a better way? It will not be enough for some of us that our Government, using some of the heavy taxes we pay, comes to the relief of the cold and hungry: we want a more direct hand in it ourselves. Our contribution of a few pounds weight of food or clothing will be tiny in this vast field of misery, but it is at least something, the best one man can do. And, naturally enough, we like to know who the other man is who receives our help at the other end; his handwriting is the

guarantee that our effort has reached its mark. But if we give weight to some of the considerations in the foregoing paragraphs, what ought we to do? Cease to give-or find some better way? There is another outlet besides the personal parcel and it may prove a better one. That is to contribute in kind or in money or both to the resources of the societies on the spot who are administering relief-the Red Cross, the Quakers, 1.V.S.P., the Salvation Army. These societies, or rather the compassionate and skilled men and women who serve in them, are the best judges of where the need is greatest and exactly how it can best be met. They know the whole field, the 'priorities', the snags, the most practical methods; they are to be trusted with anything we can send them. Toc H itself, at home or in the B.A.O.R., is not a 'relief society'; it has no experience of such work on a big scale, no adequate resources or staff for it and ought not to 'butt in' on those who have years of practice and are doing it so well. And at home there are great agencies, like 'Save Europe Now' or COBSRA (Council of British Societies for Relief Abroad), who can receive our gifts and pass them on for distribution.*

This is worth pondering, and some who ponder will recognise it as a better way. In Stevenson's words, this is "true charity, impartial and impersonal, cumbering none with obligation, helping all." It is also harder, for it has less tangible reward—and, as the same author says, "people nowhere demand the picturesque so much as in their virtues". So, at the end, I come back to my old soldier, only to misquote him now. The Germans need 'beef', much more even than we, for it feeds the hungry. But in giving it, in true sympathy, we must avoid hurting their proper self-respect: that stings, like too much 'mustard' in the mouth.

Barclay Baron.

Note: For myself, I do not think that personal parcels of books or periodicals are open to the same objections as food or clothing parcels. Food and clothes are entirely personal possessions, consumed or worn only by the recipient; reading matter, as anyone can verify in Germany now, is so scarce that it is shared among many and passed from hand to hand as long as it holds together. The recipient becomes, in fact, a distributor of good news. This may seem an illogical distinction, but you must work it out for yourself.—B.B.

^{*} The address of 'Save Europe Now' is 15, James Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2; of COBSRA is 159, Victoria Street, S.W.I.

A GOOD TRY

The June Journal, contained a bird's-eye view of Toc H in Southern Africa and its prospects and field of service. Among other ventures we mentioned a communal restaurant for Africans in a native township near Durban. Here is the interim report on this work, reprinted from The Compass of May, which discloses a set of problems and difficulties very different from those we have to tackle at home.

EARLY in 1946 the Government approached Toc H Southern Africa with a request to start a communal restaurant for the under-privileged classes in Durban. This restaurant was to provide meals on a non-profit basis, and would be subsidised by the Government in respect of one half of the cost of the equipment, with a maximum of £350, and one half of the deficit for the first twelve months, with a maximum of £210, and a further £102 for a period of twelve months towards rental charges.

The situation that occasioned this request was apparently an appreciation of the fact that the undernourishment of the lower-paid classes of society generally was so bad that the ensuing mal-

nutrition had reached serious proportions.

Toc H promised the Government that it would run such a restaurant, and it was agreed that it should be run in the nature

of an experiment for one year.

It was necessary that money should be raised for this venture in order to secure the balance over and above that provided by the Government. An appeal was launched to which the press gave publicity and the public responded most generously. Altogether £1,500 was raised for this work. The time has now come when Toc H feels that the public, who gave so freely, and the Government should know, not only the history of this experiment to date, but also the developments made and the difficulties encountered in this work. This report, therefore, is to present the facts as simply and clearly as possible, in order that the whole position may be generally known and understood.

Assisting the Bantu

It being generally accepted that the Bantu were the most poorly paid and generally undernourished members of the community, Toc H thus decided to direct its efforts to assisting this section of the community. After consultation with the Municipal Native Affairs Department, and largely as a result of their advice, it

was decided to open the restaurant in the Chesterville Native Location Area, where there is a population of 18,000 Bantu (including the Cato Manor Area). It was fully recognised that in the Industrial Areas, such as Jacobs, there was a vast potential field where such an enterprise could be developed, but any scheme in such an area would not only be extremely difficult to organise in such a way as to cover more than a potential exceeding 3,000, would also be in direct competition with the present existing Native Eating houses which possibly would alienate the sympathy of the Bantu; further such a restaurant would, in the main, be serving only Natives who were in good employment, and would cut across the Bantu tradition of family meals. Moreover, it would leave untouched the vast number of pre-school age and school-age children and most of the women.

Such were the points considered by Toc H before they finally

decided to open at Chesterville Location.

In order that there might be the minimum of delay, the only available premises at the back of the Indian Store on the very fringe of the Location were obtained and the restaurant opened in May, 1946. Meals were sold at sixpence, and the ingredients were meat, potatoes, onions, carrots, samp, rice (or its equivalent) and curry. The hours of service were from 10 a.m., until 4.30 p.m., and the meal could be eaten on the premises or taken away to be eaten at home. Publicity by means of pamphlets and by broadcasts over the Public Health Mobile Broadcasting Unit was arranged. Results were disappointing, and the response from the Africans, bearing in mind the population, was very slight. The number of meals served fluctuated. At the most 470 meals a week were served; but by October, 1946, this figure had fallen to 243 meals a week. The experiment of opening on Sunday made no appreciable difference. However, the Committee felt that this lack of interest possibly was due to the inadequacy and position of the then existing premises.

A Site in Location

All this time negotiations were proceeding with the Municipality for a site in the Chesterville Locaton itself, and with the Government for army huts to be used as a building. Eventually, these negotiations were concluded, and the restaurant transferred

in November to its own building site inside the Location, the erection of which cost £400, on a site for which a rental of 1s. per annum was paid. In order that the Bantu should have every confidence in this work, the Native Advisory Board at Chesterville was consulted, and their chairman and headmaster of a Native School were co-opted to the Committee. Unfortunately they were never able to attend any meeting, or at least never did

Although through the Chairman, the Native Advisory Board promised every assistance, it soon became apparent that, even under the new conditions, the Bantu were not using the Communal Restaurant as had been expected. Indeed, it almost appeared as if there were a certain intangible but real opposition to it. Every effort was made to discover the reasons for this lack of support. After many attempts a meeting between the Native Advisory Board and certain European members of the Toc H committee was arranged, but not one of the Advisory Board turned up.

Non-Co-operation

After a great deal of enquiry three reasons were submitted by individual Africans for this lack of co-operation and interest in the work :--

1. The Bantu do not eat until 10 a.m., and consequently are not interested in buying food until then.

2. Such a restaurant benefits the shiftless type of African, and, consequently, tends to lower rather than raise the general standard of living.

3. The workers as a whole are adequately fed, and any under-nourishment is due to a general shortage which is encouraged by black

marketeers.

From our own experience other factors also emerge.

1. The Bantu is economising on food in order to buy European clothes and furniture.

2. The African traders oppose any scheme which will affect their own trading or potential trading.

There is a general suspicion on the part of the Bantu to all things sponsored by Europeans, a very sad but true fact.

The African political parties are not completely in support of such a scheme.

A certain pride keeps many Bantu away.

6. That although the Bantu are suffering from malnutrition they are not hungry. The belly is full but the body is starved.

It can be well seen from this that the work at Chesterville was very difficult, and that it was some little time before the real position could be thoroughly ascertained and understood. It would have been easy to close down and leave it at that, but it was agreed by the Toc H Committee that everything possible should be done before taking such a step.

The Children Suffer

Moreover Toc H felt that the children were the main sufferers. Therefore, it has been decided, so long as funds permit, to give free meals to the children to be eaten on the premises. Actually a charge of threepence a meal was made; but this charge was met by the generosity of certain European donors. In the first three days 800 meals were served, and in the first 35 feeding days 14,000 meals were served. Adults can still buy a meal at threepence; but the number doing this has become negligible. It is impossible to over-emphasise the value of this work. Hitherto, the children, whose parents have been away from home at work, have, in the main, been left with cold samp. Now they can get a good well-balanced meal and the health of these children is being assisted. They are building up a reserve of strength that will aid them in the fight against T.B. and other diseases that so readily seize upon an undernourished body. On the more immediate human side, it is a lovely sight to see these children four years old and upwards queuing patiently and then eating their meal with evident enjoyment.

It is, however, obvious, that if a scheme of communal restaurants is to work properly for the adults as well as the children first the confidence of the Bantu must be won, and secondly, they must be educated as to the value of a properly balanced diet, and taught that a full stomach is not necessarily the pre-requisite

of a well-nourished body.

There is no question that the Bantu on the whole is not properly fed. If this problem is to be tackled thoroughly a comprehensive scheme of education and industrial feeding must be investigated. The assistance of the Bantu educationalist and of the individual firms concerned must be obtained. This would seem to indicate that the only body competent to develop such a scheme with any degree of magnitude is the Government itself.